

The Washington Times

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GOING IT TOO STRONG,

The editor of a Paterson newspaper has been sentenced to jail for printing articles in his paper that, the court thinks, were calculated to incite hostility against the Government. That kind of inciting is a crime under a certain Jersey law, never before enforced.

If the things printed in this paper justify sending a man to jail, then indeed is the free press of this country in real danger. That law and that court, in joint action in this jurisdiction, would have brought a powerful lot of people to the bar within the week following the suffrage parade on March 3. The Paterson editor's particular offense was "roasting" the police. Who of us would have been out of jail if that enterprise were so grave a crime in this town!

THE PRICE OF COURTESY.

A railroad station porter at Pittsburgh was before the police magistrate for stealing \$5 from a woman. He admitted it and explained that he had to have money; no tips had come to him for a long time.

Questioned, he told the court that the company paid him \$1 a month, and he was expected to live on his tips. An official was called to verify, which he did.

The court found the porter guilty, told him to get into better business, and patrolled him for a year. Forcing a large and increasing class of people, hundreds of thousands of them—waiters, porters, hotel attendants, etc., to live off the public's gratuities; compelling them to cultivate the attitude and habits of mendicancy; taking away from them the last shred of opportunity for self-respect and independence—that is one of the things that ought to be stopped. The institutions that do it are commonly those best able to pay decent and self-respecting wages.

Do we really want and like flunkies and flunkynism, we so-called Americans? Does it flatter our cheap and nasty vanity to pass out a tip and feel our superiority? It seems to, and that means that just as much harm is being done above as below the line of cleavage between the flunkie and the snob.

FAME AND TRADEMARKS.

Our friends, the Society of Friends, who are everybody's friends, continue to express their sorrow that the word "Quaker" should be used as an advertising device.

They found it impossible to get legislation passed which will stop the practice. Next, a proposition to resort to satire by printing in one of their papers fictitious advertisements in which the names of other denominations would appear was defeated at the New York yearly meeting. Now they are in search of some other way of protecting themselves that will not be combative beyond the tenets of their faith.

The idea that fame is having one's name misspelled in the dispatches is out of date now. Having a breakfast food or a cigar or a hair tonic named for one is the modern way. Neither anybody nor anything can be sure of escaping this penalty of greatness.

Washington's majestic countenance has decorated, at one time or another, the label of almost every manufactured article, from health underwear to safety razors. Lincoln, Henry George and "Joe" Cannon have done their parts to promote the tobacco trade, and the Bryan brand of grape juice is as inevitable as the "Ham" Lewis whiskers accelerator.

We sympathize with the members of the Society of Friends, but fear that they have cut out a big job for themselves.

THE TOWNSEND CHARGE.

Senator Townsend charges that while the Senate committee is looking for a lobby, trying to locate interests which are coercing Congress in tariff matters, it would be well to go to the White House and note what President Wilson is making of his political authority and patronage power to drive Congress into passing the legislation he wants.

That, of course, is a pretty old story. It is as old as the constitutional arrangement by which the patronage power is placed in the hands of the President. Not much political capital is to be made of it nowadays, because the public at large is generally pleased to see a President use such instruments as he possesses to get out of Congress what he wants. The public has more confidence in its President than in Congress. It used merely to grin gleefully when Roosevelt was denounced for using the "Big Stick" on the legislators. Every time a statesman wept over the menace of "dictatorship," Roosevelt laid by a snug increment of political power and personal popularity.

The people have come to think that the real use of a real President is to club Congress into doing things. That was the basis of Roosevelt's strength with the people; the lack of that capacity was the secret of Taft's failure; and the possession of a large zest for the fight is the thing that is making President Wilson strong.

Senator Townsend may feel grieved that a President should "coerce" Congress; but he didn't always. In the spring of 1908 the Cannon organization in the House tried to emasculate the interstate commerce law by refusing appropriation to enforce Section 20. That section was dear to Roosevelt. He learned of the plot, and, casting about for some re-

liable friends to help him, started a fight against the organization. He sent for Congressman Townsend of Michigan and placed him in charge of the Administration's interests on the floor. The fight lasted a week. Mr. Townsend was the ally of the "dictator," Roosevelt, in one of the boldest and most determined efforts of that entire Administration, to force Congress to do something it didn't want to do. The interference with legislative independence was flagrant, notorious, and persistently denounced. It has just one justification: the President was right, Congress was wrong.

Roosevelt, ably aided by Townsend as his first lieutenant and floor manager, won the fight after a struggle of near a week. The winning of that fight, the glory which reflected upon him as the chief aid of Roosevelt in "coercing" Congress, made Mr. Townsend a Senator. It made the people believe, out in Michigan, that he was a Progressive, and they sent him to the Senate.

Since then, it is to be confessed, Mr. Townsend has not seemed much to realize the need of progressing after as well as before election.

If the President will go before the committee, and tell it that he has been using the patronage and every other power of his office, just as persistently and just as capably as he knows how, to get the legislation his party has promised, we venture that the country will indorse him with all acclaim. The country, latterly, doesn't know of much use for the patronage except to be used as a club over Congress. It is always pleased when a President finds a way to make the patronage power useful.

PARCEL POST'S POSSIBILITIES.

There has been almost a half-year's experience with the parcel post. What has it demonstrated?

First, that there was a greater need for such a facility than even most of its enthusiastic advocates realized. This is proved by the immense volume of business it has done.

Second, that as now organized it is incapable of giving the real service that should be afforded, because the weight limit is too low and the rates, in general, too high.

Third, that until weight limits are greatly increased and rates reduced, the service is going to be a convenient delivery service for the seminary girl's boxes of candy, a few things from stores, and aid to some mail-order concerns—and quite useless as an economic factor in solving our problem of living costs.

Fourth, that the service is now immensely profitable, and that its usefulness can be greatly extended and cheapened without expense to the Government.

Congressman Lewis, the parcel post expert, has made an analysis of the situation as presented in the light of experience to date, that is worth vastly more than anybody's forecast of a few months ago could possibly have been. But the facts that he now tellingly arrays are a complete demonstration of the calculations he presented to Congress and the country long before the parcel post legislation was passed. The experience has left Mr. Lewis with a vindication on his hands of such caliber and quality that it ought to command complete confidence in his postal express computations in future. It isn't often that a man's prognostications are so sweepingly sustained by the logic of developed facts. Mr. Lewis is entitled to be heard and heeded. He has won his case.

Mr. Lewis, in his newest brief of the subject, urges that a rate of 3 cents per pound for the first pound, and 1/2 cent for each additional pound, would cover the costs of the service in the first 100-mile zone, and leave a profit of 20 per cent. With that rate, a town householder could make a contract with a truck farm for a weekly basket weighing 50 pounds, of assorted fruits, vegetables, poultry, eggs, etc. The first pound would cost 3 cents; each additional pound, 1/2 cent; total 27 1/2 cents. Mr. Lewis wants the weight limit raised to 100 pounds, and so do most of the people who have been giving study to the possibilities of this new facility for serving the most acute economic needs of the community. On that basis a 100-pound hamper would cost 52 1/2 cents postage.

The possibility of doing such business at these low rates rests in the Government's monopoly. An express company has to do an amount of accounting and recording, dividing its rate with connecting concerns, etc., that make it utterly impossible for competing service to come in that quarter. The Government's registry of first-class letter mail is comparable to the express companies' method of accounting. There is a charge of 10 cents for a registered letter, and no profit in it at that. The express package has to follow the course of the registered letter. The plain mail package does not; which makes all the difference in the world. Put your stamp on it and turn it loose—it goes to destination, right from the rural route to the town home; no accounting, registering, division of rate—just plain transportation of the highest efficiency and at the low cost that non-profit monopoly makes possible.

That is what the country needs right now. Just consider that in the first five months of its operation this service has made a showing which indicates the probability of net profits to the department for the first year of its operations, of \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. Yet the average weight of parcels mailed thus far has been a trifle over three pounds!

How many people are sending new potatoes, eggs, summer squash, onions, strawberries, and country butter by parcel post, do you imagine, when the average weight of packages is held down to three pounds?

The present limit is eleven pounds. That means simply that there isn't room for even a beginning in the direction of bringing farm and home closer together and lessening the cost of living necessities. There can be no beginning of that sort until the weight limit is shoved up.

The test has been ample to justify another step forward. The law gives authority for change of rates, classifications, and zone distances by executive order. The order ought to be issued. The public ought to get the benefits of it this season. They are needed.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

TO WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

(Who is at present in Washington.)

You see again, O quondam boss,
This busy center of the nation,
But shy the former pomp and ostentation.

No more do secret service men
Guard zealously your ev'ry
mout'ful;

Perhaps they will some time
again—
It's doubtful.

No more a man of great affairs,
And when we mention it you
scoff us:

You're glad you're free from all
the cares
Of office.

The argument is worthy you;
No common noddle could conceive it.

But gee! you don't expect us to
Believe it?

"It's too hot."

Mr. Taft luncheons at the White House today, and we'd pay any price for a cross-section of his feelings. One can imagine him hailing with joy the old bent-pronged fork that he used to hate so, and as for the glass with the chip out of it—high-ho! but he'll be happy to see it!

But the world moves. Mr. Wilson will experience like sensations when he luncheons with T. R. four years from now.

When Byron took his trusty pen
And wrote of love and kisses,
Who was it stood beside him then?
The ever-faithful Mrs.

—This Column.

As I envisage his career
Of miseries and blisses,
I rather think that he was near
The miscellaneous misses.

—F. P. A. in the New York "Mail."

Oh, well, I guess you've got me there.
It's possible I've blundered.
In fact, for all I know or care,
He could have had a hunderd.

—The chorus.

"The chorus," says the "Times,"
seemed familiar with all of the necessary stage business required. Meaning, perhaps, the requisite stage business demanded.

"The most honest man," writes J. W. G., "is he who pays full train fare for his youngster on the latter's twelfth birthday." Aye, or for a year or three thereafter.

How About "Tables Reserved For Ladies?"
G. S. K.: The splendid restaurant, known as the _____, although in a state of coma and about to be auctioned off, still sports the window legend—"NEVER CLOSED."

R. LINGTON.

If a certain Congressman can arrange for a thousand per cent duty on German humorous weeklies, we'll agree to cut that \$12.25 in half. And be hanged to the lobby investigators!

The latest census shows 333,297 people in the District, 314,590 of whom come down on the Mt. Pleasant line between 8 and 8:30 in the morning.

TRIOTET TO AN ITALIAN.
When polishing shoes,
Dab some on the socks;
It matters not whose.
When polishing shoes—
Do just what you choose
With what's in the box;
When polishing shoes,
Dab some on the socks.

LIMO.

Why psychiatrists grow rich: The Wood-dynamite verdict.

To say nothing of: "I have always had a considerable sympathy for the sons of rich men. They are seriously handicapped in life."—John Hays Hammond.

THE FUTURITY STAKES.
C. R. S.: "The man who is going to save so much a week—starting next week."

If Mr. Burleson really wants to put the p. o. on a self-supporting basis he should reduce the size of parcel post stamps. The saving in paper would be colossal.

"Walter Johnson Wins Final From Browns."
"Alansmith Wins Game With Lusty Single."

"Nationals Behind Walter Johnson Win Final of Series"—All from the "Herald."

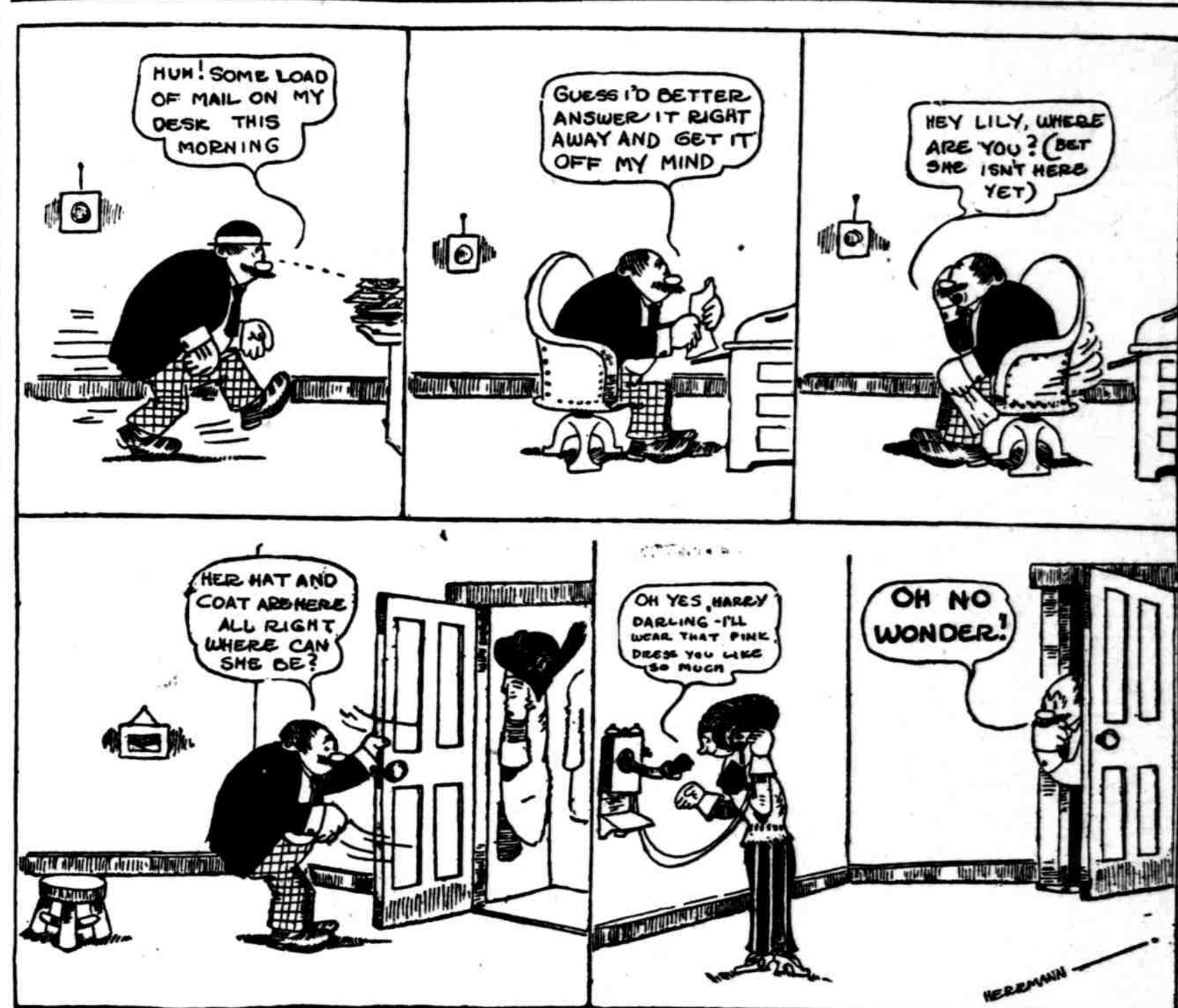
Anyhow, they won.

Dr. Heinrich Hammer will conduct the chorus of 800 on the Fourth of July, and it's the simplest kind of wheezology to gimlet a gag therefrom.

Just call it the anvil chorus.

G. S. K.

NO WONDER!



Good Stories

Why They're Divorced.

IT was their first day at housekeeping. The pictures were all up and carpets were all down.
She knew how to bake biscuits. But that was all, for she had only spent two years at a cooking school.
"Oh, goody," she cried. "I'll give Harold a surprise. We'll have a biscuit supper."
Harold came home. He kissed her in the vestibule, the hall, the ante room, and so on out into the dining room.
"First course, biscuits!" she twittered, as they sat down to dinner.
Harold, devouring her with his eyes, devoured the biscuits with his teeth and avidity.
"Second course, biscuits!" she caroled.
"How novel!" exclaimed Harold, and devoured seven more.
The third course was biscuits, and as for the fourth, biscuits. "It was a four-course dinner," and Harold did justice to each course. For dessert there were biscuits.
Thus he revealed the secret of at least one divorce.—Detroit Free Press.

Last Thing He Did.

THERE had been an explosion in a powder mill, according to a story told by Congressman Rucker of Colorado, and the proprietor, who was away on a pleasure trip, hurried home to make an investigation.
"How in the world did it happen?" he asked the foreman of the mill as he viewed the wreck. "Who was to blame?"
"Well, you see, sir," replied the foreman, "it was this way: Bill went into the mixing-room, probably thinking of something else, and struck a match in mistake. He—"
"Struck a match?" exclaimed the proprietor, looking at the foreman.
"That would be the last thing on earth he'd do!"
"It was, sir," was the calm rejoinder of the foreman.—Los Angeles Herald.

The Proof.

"WELL, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"
"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to curtsy-cob a bay horse. "Me an' this here boss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for you for sixteen years."
"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guilty of George's salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"
"Him," said George, "the both of us was took from Germany, the empire which was took from the boss, but they just docked my pay."—Woman's Home Companion.

Here's a Book

"The Human Slaughter House," translated from the German of Wilhelm Lamms by Oakley Williams, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York.

Wilhelm Lamms has drawn scenes from any of the nations engaged in conflict with a gruesome and horrible picture that is in itself a complete justification of the existence of a permanent universal peace conference. Coming as it does from Germany, the empire which eats, talks, and sleeps armament, the author was subject to no small amount of censure for his work, and within a few days of its publication he awoke to find himself "famous or infamous" according to the point of view adopted in his own country.

In the introduction by Alfred Dreyer an appeal is made to the reader in defense of some of the horrible accounts of modern warfare which the author has vividly painted. And surely, as he says, in the light of the horrible accounts of modern warfare, the author's picture is not an exaggeration, "it is appalling, really."

There is no bloodless weeding or a fantastic prose poem of war in the past; rather, with the inspiration of the author, it is to come with the war that is to come will eliminate absolutely the fighting chance of the individual, and will be an entirely different affair when there is no vestige of personal element included.

Sayings of
MRS. SOLOMON
BEING THE
OF THE
HUNDRETH
WIFE TRANSLATED
BY HELL

MY Daughter, beware of the LOVE-MOTH which fluttereth from damsel to damsel.

For now is the season of his harvest, and his habitat is the moonlit piazzas.

I charge thee, put away thy sentiment in cold storage, and wrap thy vanity in distilled camphor.

For the way to his heart is a "gang"-way which all shall tread in turn.

Yet the love-moth is not a curse, but a blessing in disguise, for an acquaintance with one of these exceedeth a college education, and his instruction is not to be despised.

Behold how graciously he giveth a damsel lessons in the art of flirtation.

Mark how he teacheth her to "clasp hands" and to say the sweet things which meaneth naught.

Lo, he affordeth her practice in the language of the eyes, saying: "When thou dost glance up thou art ravishing, but when thou glancest DOWN thou art irresistible!"

He urgeth her to puff a cigarette, and showeth her the RIGHT end thereof to be lit, saying:

"Go to! Be not prudish, for a man liketh a Good Sport, and delighteth in a girl who is CHUMMY!"

He teacheth her to make "rings," and feedeth her upon the cherry from the gentle cocktail.

He giveth her lessons in palmistry, and inventeth for her many dainty "pet names."

He kisseth her—and adviseth her NOT to tell her mother.

He instructeth her in the white lie.

Yet, when she hath become exceedingly WISE, he wearyeth of the game and wandereth in search of OTHER sport, saying:

"Lo, when I MARRY I shall wed a simple maiden who KNOWETH less."

And behold, as her education is "finished" so is her flirtation.

Alas, my Daughter the School of Love is a hard one, and few shall matriculate therein.

But a Graduate knoweth enough to pretend that she knoweth NOTHING.

For where ignorance is bliss it is folly to APPEAR wise.

Verily, verily, she that spendeth her time within the class-room shall acquire knowledge, but she that spendeth it upon the moonlit piazza and in star-lit paths shall acquire WISDOM!

And which of these is more to be desired? Selah!

Weather Prophets 4,000 Years Back

A LONDON theologian has recently claimed for the prophets of old a knowledge of science far greater than modern man gives them credit for. He says that they prophesied because they understood perfectly the laws of nature.

For instance, the weather moves in cycles and that was a fact known ages ago. The cycle is nineteen years. Elijah predicted a drought in the land. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word."

The scientists of those days could have predicted the drought as well as Elijah, for it was known at that time that droughts move in cycles of nine years, says the Chicago Tribune, and it was then just 12 x 19 years after Pharaoh's drought in the days of Joseph, and that was 5 x 19 years after the drought in the time of Isaac, as recorded in Genesis xxvi.

Nineteen years after Elijah called down the drought and famine on the land, Elijah said "For the Lord hath called for a famine."

What He Did.

In "Little Humors at School," H. J. Barker tells a story of a school mistress who asked one of the little girls in her class, the daughter of a man who was not always so sober as he ought to have been: "What is your father?"

"Please, miss," was the prompt reply, "when he's working he's a beak-lay; but when he's out of work he's a teetotaler!"

MAIL BAG

From The Times' Readers

To Improve Playgrounds.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.
As the reason for the bad condition of the playgrounds of the public school grounds last year was given as being that there was no way in which good ones could be made, I would like to call the attention of those in charge of such matters to the drives in the White House grounds, which are made to stand heavy wear, and yet are in fine condition.

These roadways were made under the direction of Francis F. Gillen. They stand the wear of heavy autos and carriages, and I am sure could do equally as well under the feet of children. The surface is covered with crushed stone, not cracked, such as has been used in making the playgrounds of our schools dangerous to clothing and limb. Last spring, after the matter was brought to public attention through THE TIMES, a two-horse team load of stone too large for playground was raised off the grounds at the Thompson School, corner Twelfth and L. Northwest.

As the school year will be worked over during the summer, I think it timely to call the attention of the authorities to the playgrounds and their condition, which actually exist now when there is a way of remedying the evil if the playgrounds are made in the same manner as the White House driveways, which are firm and smooth.

S. M. C.

A Harmonious Succession.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.
In your editorial of the 3rd, you say the Vice President should be given important duties, should be a man suitable for President, and should be in political harmony with the actual President. To meet all three of these requirements the Vice President should hold the Cabinet position, preferably the office of Secretary of State.

Shall the Secretary of State, then, be designated otherwise than by the President's appointment, when he is to handle such an important part of the President's Administration? By no means. To avoid it, simply reverse the order of ex-officio authority. Instead of having the people elect the Vice President, and then giving him a Cabinet office, let the people elect the President, the President appoint his Secretary of State, as now, and the Secretary of State be ex-officio Vice President of the United States.

Let the other Cabinet officers be Vice Presidents in a specified order; and then we will have all the while the condition which actually exists now when the formal office of Vice President is vacant. And then other Cabinet officers in order.

Thus, we would be rid of the complications now clinging to the Vice Presidential office, and insure a harmonious succession. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM CANFIELD LEE.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Field meet in which more than 30 school children of Washington will participate. At the Horse Show Grounds. Eighteenth and D streets northwest. This afternoon.
Annual outing of the Employing Printers and Allied Trades of Washington, at the Crystal Palace.
Membership committee of the Washington Board of Trade "get-together" dinner at Grosvenor Hall.
Federation of Citizens' Associations of the District will meet in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce tonight.
Government Printing Office Council. National Union, and meet at Typographical Union hall.
Monthly meeting of Canton Washington, Patriarchs Militant, tonight.

Amusements.

National-Aborn Opera Company in "The Tales of Hoffman." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Columbia "Lovers' Lane." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Police "The Country Boy." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Chase's "The Battle of Gettysburg." 2:15 p. m.
Glen Echo—all amusements.
Chevy Chase-Concert by section of Marine Band and dancing.